

AN: We're on episode seven of everybody's favourite Friday night sitcom! Yet again, we have another very special guest. I'm sure he'll enjoy his role. I hope you guys do, too!

Cheese

Spy

Scene One – Apartment

(TPYMK is sat on the sofa, staring at the TV. Dan is washing his crown in the sink.)

TPYMK: Something's not right here...

(Dan places the crown on his head, walking over to TPYMK.)

DAN: What is it?

TPYMK: I think there's something wrong with this TV...

(Dan points at the TV.)

DAN: It's not switched on.

(TPYMK nods.)

TPYMK: Yeah. That's probably it. We should call an electrician in to fix that.

DAN: Have you seen Greg anywhere? He was supposed to be helping me to cook tonight.

TPYMK: He went to a support group for alcoholics.

DAN: Wow – really?

TPYMK: Yeah. I really think he's starting to change his ways.

Scene Two – Bar

(Greg stands in front of several people.)

GREG: Hello. My name's Greg, and I'm an alcoholic!

(He's in a bar. The people cheer at him.)

First hundred drinks are on me!

(Greg races towards the bar.)

Scene Three – Apartment

(TPYMK and Dan are sat at the kitchen table, eating two planks of wood with forks.)

DAN: We really need to go shopping more often.

TPYMK: At least it's tasty.

DAN: It tastes like wood.

TPYMK: That's the point.

DAN: I can't eat this – it's disgusting.

TPYMK: Whatever do you mean?

DAN: It hasn't even got any rot on it. Or woodlice.

TPYMK: That is a point. I'll have to have a look for some next time.

(The door crashes open. Greg staggers in, laughing.)

GREG: Good evening, ladies! I can see your eyes from here! Actually, no, I can't – I'm blind!

(He chuckles loudly, tripping over his own feet and crashing headfirst into the floor.)

Nice bit of interior design...

TPYMK: Greg, I thought you went to an alcoholic support group?

(Greg clambers to his feet, struggling to keep himself up.)

GREG: I did.

TPYMK: Well, where was it?

GREG: At the bar.

TPYMK: *What?* How does that even work?

GREG: I'm telling the truth. It was an alcoholic support group.

TPYMK: How do you mean?

GREG: It was a group that *supports* alcoholics. Things got a bit racy in

the bar afterwards.

DAN: How much have you had to drink?

GREG: Only two million pints; you know I'm not that good at holding my alcohol down.

TPYMK: This is ridiculous.

DAN: We're seven episodes in – you have to be used to it by now.

(TPYMK stabs a knife into Dan's head.)

Okay. Point taken.

GREG: It doesn't matter, anyway. I'm perfectly capable of rational thought.

(Dan pulls the knife out of his head with a sickening *pop!*)

DAN: Are you really?

GREG: No.

(Greg tries to punch Dan, only to fall onto a chair. It splinters to pieces.)

Lucky shot...

TPYMK: I've had just about enough of you two and your troublemaking ways. I'm trying to run a family here!

GREG: Yeah – a mentally insane one. By the looks of things, you're not that bad at it.

TPYMK: Don't make me hurt you, Greg. I've been trying to cut down on my violent cravings.

GREG: Yeah – but you haven't.

TPYMK: I know

(TPYMK pulls out a bow and arrow. He fires an arrow into Greg's heart.)

GREG: Ooh – that really broke my heart, TPYMK. How could you do such a thing?

TPYMK: Because it's fun.

(Greg laughs.)

GREG: Fair enough. I think I'm losing a lot of blood, though. In fact, you could argue that I'm about to fall into a coma any second—

(Greg falls unconscious.)

DAN: Why do our nights always have to be so miserable?

TPYMK: I know. You'd think that something interesting, unique and exciting would happen for once.

(Dan pulls out a few pieces of paper.)

DAN: Well, according to this horribly written script, something like that is about to happen right now!

(A knock on the door is heard.)

TPYMK: Oh, marvellous!

(TPYMK races for the door.)

I'm coming! I'm coming! Don't go away – you'll like me!

(TPYMK pulls open the door.)

Welcome one and welcome all!

(No one is stood there.)

Huh?

(He looks around. Nothing.)

Well, that's just a complete rip-off.

(Dan joins TPYMK by his side.)

DAN: Well, that's a royal travesty. Knocking on the door and then just running away... It's punishable by death!

TPYMK: And there's me thinking that something interesting would happen...

(He notices something on the floor.)

Hey – wait a minute...

(TPYMK reaches down, picking up a crumpled letter.)

DAN: It's a letter.

TPYMK: Yeah, well, I can see that.

DAN: Well, read it, then.

(TPYMK starts to read the letter.)

TPYMK: "Attention, idiots. You have been selected to take part in a secret mission that will fill up enough screen time for a bad sitcom plot. Your presence is requested at Pathetic Park at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Be prepared for— Wait, that's a song. Never mind. My fangirl side was showing. Just be ready. This message will self-destruct in ten seconds."

(TPYMK and Dan look at each other worriedly.)

DAN: Self-destruct?

TPYMK: Oh, no!

(TPYMK jumps up and down, wondering where to put the letter.)

I don't know what to do!

(Greg wanders over.)

GREG: What is it?

TPYMK: This letter is about to self-destruct!

GREG: Well, give it here, then.

(Greg snatches the letter and swallows it in one big gulp. TPYMK and Dan stare at him in horror.)

Why are you looking at me like that?

(*Boom!* Everything explodes.)

Scene Four – Pathetic Park

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg walk down a path in a nasty-looking park. All of the plants are overgrown, towering over the three.)

TPYMK: There are so many weeds here.

GREG: Well, this is a good place to find a different kind of weed, if you know what I mean...

TPYMK: Are you still on drugs, Greg?

GREG: I dabble in a bit of Sumu from time to time.

TPYMK: You sicken me.

GREG: I sicken myself. But I don't care anymore. My conscience is now non-existent.

DAN: What are we supposed to be looking for, anyway?

TPYMK: I don't know. That letter just said to come here.

ANONYMOUS: Hey!

(The three suddenly stop.)

TPYMK: Did you hear that?

GREG: Yeah. I think a bottle of beer was just opened nearby.

TPYMK: No – I meant the voice!

GREG: Oh. Well, in that case, no.

(TPYMK punches him in the face. Greg stumbles backwards.)

I probably deserved that.

TPYMK: No, you didn't.

GREG: Really?

TPYMK: No – you deserve this!

(TPYMK kicks Greg in the groin, knocking him into the overgrown weeds.)

ANONYMOUS: Hey!

(TPYMK turns to the other side of the path.)

TPYMK: I heard it again. Must be the talking rabbits.

ANONYMOUS: I'm in the weeds, you idiot!

(TPYMK and Dan narrow their eyes, peering through the extremely tall plants.)

DAN: But I can't see you.

ANONYMOUS: I like to remain hidden.

TPYMK: Who are you?

ANONYMOUS: Let's just call me Anonymous.

TPYMK: Are you the one who sent that letter?

ANONYMOUS: Yep. I hope you managed to get rid of it in time before it blew up.

(Greg lets out a belch.)

TPYMK: Yeah – you could say that... Anyway, what do you want from us?

ANONYMOUS: Your mission, should you choose to accept it, will involve becoming a spy for the Crazily Rebellious Awesome Bureau.

TPYMK: CRAB?

ANONYMOUS: Yeah – all the good acronyms were taken. We wanted POG – but someone in Africa holds the rights to that.

TPYMK: I see. So, what do you want us to do?

ANONYMOUS: It's simple. You see, there's been a spate of crimes in the city recently, and we're trying to find the culprit.

DAN: Do you have a lead?

TPYMK: This is no time for walking dogs, Dan.

DAN: I meant a lead on the culprit.

ANONYMOUS: Yes. A strange little man by the name of Looney.

TPYMK: That name sounds familiar...

ANONYMOUS: Well, he's armed and extremely dangerous.

DAN: What was his crime?

ANONYMOUS: Defacing a Scar plushie.

TPYMK: Shouldn't he be awarded a medal for bravery?

ANONYMOUS: *What?*

TPYMK: Oh, no – what a horrible crime! He should be shot – and stuff.

ANONYMOUS: This is a dangerous criminal. Think of all the other things he could be doing. Drawing over pictures of Scar, ripping apart toys of him, taping over CDs of 'Be Prepared'... It's awful!

TPYMK: Wow. A master criminal. Where do we find him, anyway?

(A piece of paper is thrown out of the tall weeds. TPYMK picks it up.)

ANONYMOUS: His location is posted there. Memorise it. I want you to find him and bring him in.

TPYMK: What's in it for us?

ANONYMOUS: A billion dollars.

TPYMK: You expect us to work for that little?

ANONYMOUS: Ten cents.

TPYMK: We're in.

ANONYMOUS: Good. I'll be checking on you later in the day. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to impersonate a squeaky lion cub...

(The sound of rustling is heard in the weeds. Anonymous is gone.)

TPYMK: I suppose we'd better get started, then.

DAN: Ten cents... Imagine what we could do with all that money!

TPYMK: Drop it and end up losing it down a drain?

DAN: Probably.

(TPYMK picks up the piece of paper.)

TPYMK: It says that Looney takes his morning walk down Misery Street every day. We should be able to catch him there. Oh – and this message will self-destruct in ten seconds.

DAN: Huh?

(*Boom!* The letter explodes.)

Scene Five – Street

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg walk down an empty street.)

TPYMK: He'd better be here. I want my ten cents!

GREG: We could always have a quick drink in the bar while we're waiting.

TPYMK: When you say a "quick drink", that usually equates to about nine thousand pints.

GREG: Yeah. So?

(TPYMK smashes Greg over the head with a baseball bat, before throwing it away.)

TPYMK: Stay alert. We need to keep an eye out for this Looney guy.

DAN: Hey – I think I see him!

(Looney is stood next to a bus stop on the corner of the street.)

GREG: That sneaky rat... Standing in plain sight. No one's ever gonna find him!

DAN: So how do we, uh... arrest him?

TPYMK: We knock him out and drag him back to the apartment.

DAN: Great idea! I love a bit of royal violence!

TPYMK: Even with your Disney Princess dress on?

DAN: It accidentally fell onto my body by mistake!

TPYMK: It seemed like a perfect fit.

DAN: My cousins are the same dress size as me.

(TPYMK arches an eyebrow at him.)

TPYMK: Hmm...

(TPYMK glances at Looney.)

Oh – we'd better catch him before he gets away! Let's go, guys!

(The three run down the street, heading right for Looney.)

Stop right there, criminal!

(Looney turns his head, shocked to see the three.)

LOONEY: Huh?

(TPYMK's eyes widen in surprise.)

TPYMK: Hey – I know you!

(The three crash into Looney, sending them flying into a nearby road.)

You're that guy from the shop!

(Dan pokes TPYMK in the side.)

DAN: TPYMK!

TPYMK: What?

(Dan points at something up ahead.)

Oh, Mommy...

(A huge truck is racing right towards them.)

GREG: Ha-ha-ha! We're gonna die!

(*Smack!* The truck mows them down.)

Scene Six – Apartment

(Looney is tied to a chair in the middle of the apartment. TPYMK, Dan and Greg surround him.)

TPYMK: All right, buster – you're gonna tell me everything!

LOONEY: Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!

TPYMK: Stop mumbling!

DAN: I think you'd better take the tape off.

TPYMK: Oh.

(A strip of duct tape has been placed over Looney's mouth. TPYMK rips it off. He screams in agony.)

LOONEY: *Ow!*

TPYMK: Serves you right for defacing merchandise featuring an uninteresting villain.

LOONEY: What are you talking about? I haven't had anything to do with you guys since you made me lose my job.

TPYMK: Maybe this is all part of your revenge scheme.

LOONEY: I don't want revenge! I just want to get on with my life!

TPYMK: Yeah – that's what they all say!

(TPYMK slaps him across the face.)

Now, tell me why you did it!

LOONEY: Why did I do what?

TPYMK: Ah... so you're gonna try and keep quiet, eh? Well, we have ways of making you talk.

GREG: We do?

TPYMK: Um... Uh... Well, no, we don't. But speak! Or I'll rip your head off! Why do you hate Scar so much?

LOONEY: I don't! I cuddle up with a plushie of him every night! I even have a photo of him in my pocket!

TPYMK: We'll just see about that!

(TPYMK reaches into his pocket, pulling out a photograph. He stares at it, horrified.)

Jesus... I didn't even know you could do things like that at Disneyland.

LOONEY: That's private! Give it back!

(TPYMK stuff the photo back into his pocket.)

TPYMK: You really *are* loony, aren't you?

LOONEY: Can I go now?

TPYMK: Since you actually appear to be a depraved Scar fangirl, I suppose so. Would you be able to tell us anyone you know who *does* hate Scar, though?

LOONEY: Well, my old boss, Eoin, burns Scar plushies all the time. I wouldn't be surprised if *he's* the person you're looking for.

(A look of realisation crosses TPYMK's side.)

TPYMK: That evil fiend...

GREG: I knew it!

DAN: Knew what?

GREG: That the bar is only open until ten tonight. Damn!

TPYMK: We'll have to go and stop him! Come on!

(TPYMK sprints for the door. Dan and Greg follow.)

LOONEY: Hey! What about me?

TPYMK: Oh, sorry!

(TPYMK runs back and punches Looney in the face, knocking him out.)

One Hour Later...

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg stumble back into the apartment. They're covered in cuts and bruises.)

TPYMK: Well, I sure showed him... how to completely beat the life out of me.

DAN: That didn't go as well as I had hoped.

GREG: At least I managed to have a drink.

TPYMK: You did?

GREG: Yeah – my own blood. It's pure alcohol, you see.

(Dan points at the centre of the apartment. The chair is empty.)

DAN: Hey – where did Looney go?

(TPYMK glances at the window. It's been smashed open.)

TPYMK: I think I might have an idea...

DAN: What are we going to do now?

ANONYMOUS: I'm back!

(TPYMK looks around. He can't see anyone.)

TPYMK: Hey! Where is your voice coming from?

ANONYMOUS: I'm ten thousand miles away. The room I'm in has a

very loud echo.

(TPYMK narrows his eyes.)

TPYMK: Right...

ANONYMOUS: I trust that you've captured the culprit?

TPYMK: Well, that's the problem, you see. We *found* the culprit – but he beat us up, so we couldn't bring him in.

DAN: We really did try our best.

ANONYMOUS: I'm afraid that not acceptable enough.

TPYMK: What?

ANONYMOUS: You have failed your mission. And now you will have to suffer the consequences.

GREG: As long it doesn't involve drinking water, I'm happy.

(A letter flutters in through the smashed window. TPYMK reads it.)

DAN: What does it say?

TPYMK: "This message will self-destruct in ten seconds."

(The three smile nervously at each other.)

TPYMK, DAN AND GREG: Damn.

(*Boom!* The room explodes.)

The End

AN: I quite liked Anonymous' role in this. Of course he wouldn't show his face... The name is too good not to use that joke. I hope he liked my portrayal of him. He blew us up in the end! That has to be a cause for celebration! I hope that Looney liked his return, too. He's the first recurring character! Yay!

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this madcap episode, and I will see you for more next week!